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me by the hand into a dark and dusty room, hung with rifles and submachine-guns. It was thronged with Zogist notables and their bodyguards: wild and rugged men, corrugated with cartridge-belts, and festooned with pistols, daggers, and hand-grenades. Most of them were dressed in black, baggy Turkish breeches, braided homespun jackets of black or brown, with multicoloured sashes wound about their waists, and white fezes or skull-caps on their heads. A few besides were in uniform retained from the time of their service in the Albanian army, or looted from the Italians; while others, especially the leaders, wore tweed or leather jackets, variously combined with local or military costume.

We sat down, Turkish fashion, by the fire; and, while we drank coffee and exchanged greetings, the guerillas milled around, or sat together in small groups, whispering intently. To a stranger this whispering seemed sinister and blatantly conspiratorial, but the others took no offence at it. Necessity indeed imposed a communal way of life on the guerillas; each man was watched by his fellows in his every movement, and it was only by whispering that any privacy of discussion could be preserved.

I had been there perhaps half an hour when, at a sign from Abas Kupi, the guerillas filed out of the room, and we remained alone with Shaqir, my interpreter, and Colonel Murad Basha. Basha had been a regular officer under King Zog and had joined Abas Kupi in Belgrade in 1940. He was now the Zogist Chief-of-Staff, but struck me from the first as pedantic and too quick to see the difficulties in any scheme. He was indeed to prove a defeatist influence at the Zogist Headquarters, for, though personally no coward, he was terrified of action, like so many senior officers who have won their spurs on the square rather than in the field.

I began our discussions by showing Abas Kupi my credentials: these were a letter from Stirling, who had been his friend, and a *besa* given me by King Zog. This was a covenant enjoining upon all Albanians the duty of protecting my life and, should their zeal prove unavailing, of avenging my death. My *bona fides* thus established I recalled our meeting in Belgrade